# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II. — No. 21. BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1887. { Entered as second-class mail matter.


## MUSIC IN THE HOME.

OUR picture tells its own story. We need not ask who has taught this little child to sing. The mother's happiness is seen on her face. The child's happiness in singing will grow with his growth. That boy or girl is greatly blessed who learns to play or to sing from the dear mother-teacher. But whoever the teacher may be, every child should be taught enough of music to be able to add to the music of the home-circle. Few joys are sweeter than those which such music gives. It makes the home happy, and fills young hearts with a pleasure that is pure and an influence that is lasting.

We fear there are many children who do not realize how much they might do, by a little effort, to make music in their homes. If you can do no more you can certainly learn how to sing, and then by your singing you will be able to do your part toward adding to the happiness of those around you.

## MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

MOST of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well-known nursery-song of "Mary had a little Lamb" is a true story, and that "Mary" is still living. About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester County, Mass. She was very fond of going with her father to the fields to see the sheep, and one day they found a baby lamb which was thought to be dead. Kind-hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up in her arms, and, as it seemed to breathe, she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove, and nursed it tenderly.

Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful feeding and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong, and soon after it was able to run about. It knew its young mistress perfectly, always came at her call, and was happy when at her side.

One day it followed her to the village school; and not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson; and then the lamb walked quietly after her, and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the wood-shed until school was out. Soon after this a young student, named John Rollston, wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb, and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep, and lived for many years; and when at last it died, Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was as "white as snow," and knitted a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling.

Some years after the lamb's death Mrs. Sarah Hale, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollston, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown-up woman she gave one of them to a church-fair in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb," every one wanted a piece of it; so the stocking was ravelled out and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which Mary wrote her full name, and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of one hundred and forty dollars in the Old South Church.

---

IT is probably as necessary that there should be clouds of sorrow and disappointment as that there should be clouds at times over the outward heavens. The habit of trusting in our Heavenly Father and believing that all will be well if we are faithful, will lighten many a care and brighten many a sorrow; and it holds good, as has often been stated that there has never been a time when the clouds did not clear away.

GATHER them in! We mean those children and young people who go nowhere to Sunday-school. Your next-door neighbor never goes, it may be; why not ask his company for once? He will take it very kindly, and, whether he goes or not, he will feel that you honor him by your attention. The chances, however, are five to one that he will go with you and be glad to do so. If we can turn a boy, or a girl, or a young friend of ours, into Sunday-school just by an invitation, a good work will be done easily and cheaply. Make the effort, and watch the result on your friend. Do not lose such an opportunity. — *Selected.*

## ERNEST'S CANNON.

A TRUE STORY.

BY G. D. P.

FOURTH OF JULY was coming and all the boys in school were saving their pennies for the Fourth-of-July expenses. Some of them were planning to have crackers and torpedoes, some to have cannon-crackers, some to have toy-pistols; and one boy, Jack Hoffman, expected a small cannon from his uncle in the city. Every spare moment Ernest could get away from lessons and home duties, he was on the look-out for a chance to earn a penny or two to put with the small sum he had already saved since Christmas time; for he wanted a cannon, too. It seemed to him nothing else could make Fourth of July satisfactory. The year before when he was only *ten* years old (ever so much younger!) he had had cannon-crackers, and the year before that crackers and torpedoes; surely this year he ought to celebrate with nothing less than a real cannon. But of all this he said nothing to his mother, for he knew how hard she had to work to give him such a comfortable, pretty home as he had, and that every want of his which she could not gratify reminded her afresh of what both he and she had lost when the dear father died. So he kept his desires to himself and tried to be helpful to every one.

"What are you so anxious to earn money for this summer?" asked Uncle Hugh one day, to whom Ernest had applied for work. "What new crotchet have you now? Want to get a new book?"

"No, sir; it is n't a book this time. I want to get money enough to buy me a cannon."

"A cannon! What in the world do you want of a cannon?" ejaculated his uncle.

So Ernest made a clean breast of it, — Jack Hoffman was going to have a cannon to fire on the Fourth, and *he* wanted to have one. It would be such fun; one could fire while the other loaded.

"But Jack Hoffman's father is rich and his uncle richer still. They can afford, not only to buy the cannon, but to pay the doctor's bill after Jack has shot himself, — as he probably will," Uncle Hugh returned rather grimly, watching Ernest's eager face as the light died out of it. Then he added, "Go down in the garden and weed your Aunt Ruth's flower-bed for her, and I'll see what can be done about it;" and he tossed Ernest a five-cent piece as he walked away.

The next morning was bright and sunny. Ernest went to school as usual. His mother was busy at her house-work in the pleasant kitchen from whose open door one could look far down the river. The sunshine lay clear across the floor when she stooped to look into the oven, but when she rose a shadow lay there. She turned to see what caused it and met the pleasant face of Uncle Hugh. He held in his hand an old gun. She remembered at once that it was one she had often seen in the garret at home.

Her brother smiled. "See here, Anna, Ernest wants a cannon to fire on the Fourth. He is saving every penny he can earn, and earning all he can, to buy one with. I only found it out yesterday, and this morning it occurred to me that a very fair one could be made out of this. Mr. Reed would fix it for him. Have it mounted on a log, and I'll show Ernest how to fire it. I guess he won't any more than kill himself with it."

"Oh, Hugh, how can you joke so!" Mrs. Wood replied as she took the old gun and placed it in a corner. "I wish Ernest did n't want one, but I know he does. I've heard him talking to the boys about it, but he has never said a word to me. Should you have perfect confidence in Mr. Reed's work?"

"Yes, indeed; he'll fix it all right, and I'll show the boy about firing it. You can't expect boys to be girls. His father would have given it to him, probably;" and he turned to go out.

"I suppose he would," thought Mrs. Wood as she went back to her cooking, "and I must n't be foolishly afraid for him. Ernest is getting to be quite a boy now."

That noon Ernest was greatly astonished at what his mother had to tell him, and delighted to find that the money he had already saved would probably pay for having the cannon made and mounted, and leave a little to buy powder with. He could hardly attend to his lessons in the afternoon; and when, after school, he went down to Mr. Reed's shop carrying the old gun, he had nearly all the boys in school for companions. They went there with him every noon and night till the cannon was completed, and when Ernest drew it home there were so many boys in his train that it seemed almost like a Fourth of July procession.

That was a week before the Fourth. So for six days in succession he made pilgrimages to the barn to inspect his precious possession, looking down from the hill, as he went across the yard, upon the bluff from which they intended to fire the cannon; and pleasing his fancy by imagining how that bluff would look on the Fourth when the two cannon were planted there and the smoke rose from them after each explosion, while all the boys in town were there to see.

It was a very pretty sight one could see, both from the bluff and the hill on which his home stood. The river was broad and blue and the bank opposite was high and quite well wooded. Just below the bluff was the ferry-slip and below that the long wharves up to which the steamer came every day and where the few schooners were anchored. Ernest thought there could be no prettier view in all the world. He and Jack had planned to save some of their gunpowder to fire a salute to the steamer, and they had decided on just the position for the two cannon on the bluff so that they should not shoot each other in their alternate loading and firing; one was to point up the river and the other down.

But where was Uncle Hugh who was to show Ernest about firing the cannon? Was it not time for him to appear? Ernest thought so, and each day he grew more and more impatient; for Uncle Hugh had gone up to the city on business and had been detained there day after day. Finally, Mrs. Wood received a letter from him saying he should not be able to get back till after the Fourth, and that Ernest had better ask Mr. Reed to be with him when he first fired the cannon.

"Mr. Reed let me fire it two or three times before I brought it home, mother," said Ernest, "and he said I understood all about it. Can't Jack and I fire it to-night, down on the bluff, just once or twice to see how it goes?"

Mrs. Wood looked anxious, but gave her consent. Jack was an older boy and Ernest was generally very careful. Perhaps there was no danger after all.

So after school all the boys rushed up the hill to assist in the transportation of the cannon. There was a great bustle and noise in the little door-yard as the party passed through it, all talking at once and full of excitement.

"Ernest!" called his mother, standing in the door-way with Aunt Ruth, as the boys came by, "Ernest, you may fire the cannon twice. Then come directly home. I shall be anxious and I shall watch for you. You must be back in twenty minutes. You can look at the town-clock."

"Yes, mother," responded Ernest with a flushed, bright face; and the group of boys ran down the hill.

"I don't see how you dare to let him fire that cannon," said Aunt Ruth, as she and Mrs. Wood returned to the pleasant sitting-room, where they had left their sewing when the boys came running into the yard.

"I really *don't* dare," answered Mrs. Wood. "I am so anxious that I am trembling now for him; but Hugh seemed to think it was safe enough. There! — " and she started — "the first shot is fired; now there is but one more to come."

The two women plied their needles quietly till the second shot was heard, and then the sound of cheers came up to the house from the bluff below.

"Ernest will be here in a few minutes now," said his mother. "I'll go and toast the bread and we'll have supper as soon as he comes. The twenty minutes are nearly up;" and she glanced out of the window at the town-clock. But she was just taking the covers off the stove in the tidy kitchen when she heard another shot, followed by what sounded like a cry, and then a silence that made her heart stand still. She put the covers on again and went to the door, then out into the yard to where she could look down upon the bluff. There she saw the boys leaving the place. Ernest was in front dragging the cannon and running as fast as he could with the weight behind. The boys came close after him, and almost before she reached the gate the crowd came in. Ernest's face was all black with powder. The boys' faces were white with fright.

"Oh, mother!" cried Ernest, "it's all because I disobeyed. I fired it twice all right and then I saw by the clock that I had five minutes more before you would expect me, and I was tempted to fire it just once more. I suppose I hurried, but if I had n't been disobeying you, I should have been more careful."

"I'm thankful it's nothing worse!" exclaimed Mrs. Wood, as she noticed that his eyes were uninjured. "Come into the house and I will see what I can do for you."

"By and by, mother," answered Ernest; "I have something to do first;" and he walked quickly into the woodshed with an air that brooked no interference. He came out again immediately, with the axe in his hand, and began at once to chop up his cannon.

"If I can't have a cannon without being tempted to disobey my mother, I m not going to have any," he said, with sternness in his voice.

The boys stood about, speechless with surprise; his mother said nothing. Aunt Ruth alone began to beg her to interfere, but was stopped by a warning hand and look, and the words she was saying under her breath, as the tears gathered in her eyes, — "'If thy hand offend thee, cut it off.'"

It did not take many minutes to reduce the cannon to firewood and rubbish. The wood Ernest

brought into the house, putting it into the wood-box behind the stove; the metal parts were thrown on the rubbish heap back of the barn. All the time he was doing this, he was brushing away the tears that *would* come for his smarting face; but he said nothing more. The boys had disappeared; one by one they had slipped through the gate and run down the hill to their homes.

When Ernest came into the house, it was only to wash his face and hands, for he went at once to the doctor. His mother kissed him when he left, saying, "I 'm not afraid of my boy's disobeying me again."

"You need n't be," he answered with a choking voice, as he dashed out of the house.

Well, Fourth of July came, of course. It came with a glorious burst of sunlight, and a burst of noise quite as glorious to the boys of the village. The bells were rung, the crackers, torpedoes, and cannon were fired; the day began and ended with a racket. But Ernest was not in it. His blistered face made him too miserable to think of the sport. But he made no complaint and he was, if possible, more thoughtful of his mother than ever before.

"I knew you were anxious about that cannon, mother," he said once, "and I ought to have been ashamed to disobey you as I did. I *am* ashamed of it and I hope it has taught me a lesson."

Mrs. Wood was sure it had. It took many visits to the doctor's office to get all the powder picked out of his face, and it was some time before the soreness was over with; but Ernest bore it all patiently. What was that to the disobedience he had been guilty of! And the mother, watching her son growing up to a noble manhood, thought often of that day's scene and of the words it had brought to her mind: "Wherefore, if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee."

## PRIMARY-CLASS EXERCISE.

BY O. M. B.

We love to study all about the one Perfect Life that was lived on earth more than eighteen hundred years ago. It was comparatively short; but how much good it has done and is doing this world of ours! We never tire of the first sweet Christmas story, and the one glimpse of the boyhood of Jesus.

*Ques.* We never forget that Jesus was born in what village?

*Ans.* Bethlehem.

*Ques.* That his boyhood was spent in what town?

*Ans.* Nazareth.

*Ques.* And after he reached manhood, what city was called his own city?

*Ans.* Capernaum.

*Ques.* But the New Testament reveals very little of his life to us up to the time his public ministry began. We learn that he was baptized in what river?

*Ans.* The Jordan.

*Ques.* By whom?

*Ans.* John the Baptist.

*Ques.* How old was he at this time?

*Ans.* About thirty years old.

*Ques.* His public ministry began at this time; and because he knew that ministry would be short, he sought good men to be near him all the time, that they might learn all they could of the gospel of his kingdom and teach it to others after he had left them. How long was that ministry?

*Ans.* Not longer than three and one half years.

*Ques.* How many men did he choose to be with him?

*Ans.* Twelve.

*Ques.* What were their names?

*Ans.* Matt. x. 2, 3, 4.

*Ques.* Who were the first two called?

*Ans.* Andrew and Simon Peter his brother.

*Ques.* Who were the next two called?

*Ans.* James and John his brother.

*Ques.* What had been the previous business of these four?

*Ans.* They were partners in the fishing business.

*Ques.* Who had already taught them concerning Jesus?

*Ans.* John the Baptist.

*Ques.* And what was the business of Matthew?

*Ans.* He was a publican, or tax-collector.

*Ques.* Three of these disciples were with him at three special times. What were their names?

*Ans.* Peter, James, and John.

*Ques.* When were those times?

*Ans.* At the bringing to life again of the little daughter of the ruler Jairus, at the Transfiguration, and in the garden of Gethsemane just before his death.

*Ques.* Of which one did he ask a special favor at the time of his death?

*Ans.* John.

*Ques.* What was that request?

*Ans.* That he would give a son's loving care to his mother.

*Ques.* Did all the twelve continue to work for Christ after his death?

*Ans.* No; Judas, after he betrayed Christ, was so troubled in his heart that he went and hanged himself.

*Ques.* Who was the first one to be killed or suffer martyrdom for Christ's sake?

*Ans.* James, the brother of John.

*Ques.* How did most of the disciples meet their death?

*Ans.* They were put to death in various ways for preaching Christ's words.

*Ques.* And which one is said not to have suffered martyrdom, but to have died a natural death?

*Ans.* John.

# History and Biography.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

BY M. E. P.

In the summer of 1812 the Emperor Napoleon began his campaign against Russia. After the battles of Smolensk and Borodino, the Russian army retired into the interior of the country, and Napoleon entered the old capital, Moscow, intending to make this his winter quarters; but instead of the rich booty he had expected to find, it was like a city of the dead, — the Russians had deserted it.

He made the Kremlin his residence; but he had not been there a day when fire broke out in various parts of the city. At first he thought nothing of this — supposing it to be caused by some carelessness of the troops — until the fire broke out in new places, and even the Kremlin was soon in flames and Napoleon narrowly escaped with his life. Fortunately a heavy rain put out the fire, but not before nine tenths of the city was destroyed.

It was impossible to remain here longer; the Russians refused peace, and all Napoleon could do was to make a retreat, — the retreat which was so disastrous to the French army.

The Russian army had hoped for this, and pursued them closely. Any of the French who lagged behind were taken prisoners or killed.

Early in November a severe winter set in. The villages along the route had been previously destroyed by the French, so there was no chance of obtaining shelter, food, or clothing. Hundreds of the French troops died from cold and starvation. Soon the weather became milder and the army reached the small river Berezina, which flowed in torrents, carrying huge cakes of ice along with it. A bridge was thrown over and they crossed in wild despair, — infantry, cavalry, artillery, — all eager to go at once. Many were crushed to death and many were pushed into the river. Meanwhile a fierce storm was raging, and the Russians were constantly firing upon them. Finally the bridge gave way, and thousands were precipitated into the icy water and were drowned. When they at last reached the frontier, only twenty-five thousand of the four hundred and sixty thousand of the French army remained.

Among them was a German, son of a wealthy councillor of Bremen. At Napoleon's command he had to follow the French standards, though his heart was not in the cause of the French.

When he reached the other side of the river his strength gave out; he could go no farther, so resigned himself to his fate and longed for death to end his sufferings. There was also a German peasant in the army, the son of a laboring man of Holstein. He had a kind and merciful heart, always thinking more for others than for himself. He shared his last morsel of food, bound up the wounded, built fires for the suffering, and often carried the weak and exhausted on his back. Setting his field-kettle on the fire, he would make soup of horse-flesh, bread, and melted snow to feed the weak and dying, among others the Bremenite, whom, being a countryman, he was determined to save.

Nourishment and warmth revived them, and they kept on their way by night, hiding in the woods daytimes to escape the Cossacks. The Bremen soldier was so weak the Holsteiner had to carry him long distances on his back. At Wilna he thanked the brave Holsteiner, and they separated, each to join his regiment. Finally the war ceased, and each returned to his own home. The Bremen soldier soon became a rich senator. He tried in vain to seek out the Holsteiner and reward him. Years passed without any information of him; but determined to find him, he offered a reward to whoever could discover him.

One day he had word from a clergyman that there was a man in his parish who was beloved by all the townspeople for his charity and kindness, and the Bremen gentleman went at once to see him. They talked of the campaign, and the Bremenite reminded him of his saving the life of a soldier. The Holsteiner's face brightened as he said: "I wonder how he is getting on now! I should like to see him once more."

The Bremenite exclaimed, "I am the man. I have sought you for years. Thank God I have found you!" They fell into each other's arms and wept for joy. The Bremenite wished to take him to his native place to live near him, but the peasant preferred to remain among his old friends; so the Bremen senator built for him a handsome house, bought a pretty garden adjoining, and to this added a good income. Thus, at last, the Holsteiner lived a life free from anxiety and care, and the Bremenite went once a year to see him.

A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his going.

If every one would mend one, all would be mended.

## Our Letter-Box.

When our correspondents have written to the Every Other Sunday it is doubtful if they have thought of pleasing any one but the editor and themselves. They must read the letter below to see what pleasure they have given some one else. If it had been known that the letters were to make some painful hours pass more quickly, we feel sure there would have been more of them. Would there not, dear readers? Will you not bear this in mind, then? Perhaps some one else has now a broken limb, and is looking eagerly for the arrival of Every Other Sunday, hoping to find its Letter-Box at least half filled with letters. Please write us more often and try to make your letters interesting, so that they may be welcome in the sick-room.

Petersham, Mass., May 22, 1887.

Dear Editor, — I have made an enigma, and thought I would like to send it to your paper. I have been sick a long time with a broken leg, which was caused by our horse running when we came home from church. There were five in the sleigh, and we were all thrown out, the others receiving slight injuries. I am now able to walk about. I was very sorry, for I could n't go to the Sunday-school for a long time. There are several girls in my class, and a few of us have made enigmas. We have a very nice teacher; we all love her very much. I take the Every Other Sunday, and I think it is splendid. I like to get out the enigmas and read the letters. The paper was quite a comfort to me when I was sick. This is the first enigma I ever made, and I think it very easy. We keep two dogs now; their names are Lion and Ponto. We also have two cats and three kittens. I have three sisters, all older than myself. One is married and in California. I also have a brother ten years old. I am thirteen.

Your constant reader,

Edith Spooner.

### ENIGMA XX.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 28, 20, 14, is a tree.
My 25, 24, 11, 27, is one of the grand divisions of the earth.
My 17, 11, 6, 18, 16, 8, is not large.
My 3, 4, 22, is an adverb.
My 18, 5, 21, 9, 15, 5, 4, is a kind of dog.
My 2, 13, 21, 10, is a small animal.
My 26, 19, 23, 6, 22, is a color.
My 24, 7, 8, 10, 18, is a covering used on a bed.
My 12, 23, 6, is a verb which describes a certain posture of the body.
My 1, 27, 18, 20, 9, we could n't live without.
My whole is a familiar proverb.

Edith Spooner.

### ENIGMA XXI.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 15, 25, 2, is a part of the ocean.
My 20, 10, 24, 33, is a vegetable.
My 42, 14, 3, 5, 18, is frequent.
My 6, 39, 18, 19, 32, 16, is a day of the week.
My 1, 39, 34, is a conjunction.
My 31, 35, 36, is a pronoun.
My 8, 28, 46, 41, 26, is a stream of water.
My 13, 29, 47, 27, is a preposition.
My 48, 17, 20, 1, 28, 7, is an animal often kept as a pet.
My 11, 5, 23, 44, 9, 40, 31, 41, 45, is a State in the United States.
My 4, 30, 44, 27, 21, is a boy's name.
My 44, 22, 42, 18, is a time of day.
My 28, 48, 38, 23, is a metal.
My 37, 5, is a pronoun.
My 12, 13, 43, 7, is not hard.
My whole is a Spanish proverb.

Mabel A. Cook.

### ACROSTIC VIII.

1. The town from which Jonah "took ship to flee from the presence of his Maker," and in which Saint Peter had his vision of tolerance
2. The native town of Asenath, Joseph's wife.
3. The famous city to which Paul was sent to appear before the "Caesar" to whom he had appealed.
4. The salt lake of Palestine.
5. The powerful country which was conquered by the Medes some seven centuries before Christ.
6. The river upon whose bank the basket was placed in which was concealed the baby who was destined to be the leader and preserver of an enslaved people.

*Answer:* The river in which Jesus was baptized.

### ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 7, 16, 9, is not easy.
My 4, 2, 9, is a color.
My 14, 12, 3, is a fowl.
My 13, 8, 5, is to lament.
My 10, 15, 11, is an insect.
My 4, 7, 6, is not cooked.
My whole was a famous American clergyman.

Sadie A. Webb.

### ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

51. A sheaf of barley. (Leviticus xxiii. 9 to 13.)
52. See Exodus xii. 1 to 12.
53. The bread was usually made of the finest wheat flour, formed into dry, thin biscuits. The herbs were chiccory, wild lettuce, or nettles.
54. Psalms cxiii. to cxviii.
55. Seven.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 19.

ENIGMA XVII.

"Of all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is n't one that you can find
So very cheap as wishing."

ENIGMA XVIII.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

ENIGMA XIX.

Mediterranean Sea.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUM.

Because you shoe (shoo) both.

## For Youngest Readers.

### A BRAVE BOY.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

Fred has wonderful faith in the power of tears. When he can't have just what he wants, he cries; when he is told to do something that seems unpleasant, he cries also. Some people would call him a "cry-baby," but Fred calls himself a "brave boy."

As he leaves the dining-table mamma says, "Wash your hands, Fred, before you go to school."

Immediately there is such a flood one would think he was to wash them in his tears. If he can't go out to play in the rain, he cries, — perhaps he tries to help the storm. When it is time for bed, he goes howling upstairs. If he comes home with wet feet, the tears fall thick and fast because he must change his shoes and stockings. No wonder that he cannot see and gets the lacing in a knot; and then he cries louder as he pulls at the strings. Strange the shoes do not know he is in a hurry to play and untie themselves and the dry pair jump on!

When asked to wipe his muddy feet, he cries all the way back to the front door, cries all the time he rubs his feet on the mat, and never ceases until he is back in the sitting-room again. I never knew him to gain anything by his tears, and every one laughs at him; but for some reason he believes a shower will help him.

I saw him tossing ball in the yard one day. He looked bright and happy, until suddenly his ball caught on a branch and hung there high above his head. What a pitiful cry arose! Surely, the ball had no ears or it would have dropped into his hands at once!

He was told to pile some wood one day before going to play. He worked hard for some time, — without the help of tears, too, — and then ran into the house to ask if he could not go to the neighbors to play and finish his wood-piling later. Mamma was not well, and he found her asleep. Too kind-hearted to wake her, he went softly out, closed every door gently, and then sat down in his wheel-barrow and cried at the top of his lungs. The wood piled itself, of course; and his playmates next door thought he *was* a brave boy.

One day last winter he went coasting. It was a bitter day, and soon Fred's hands and feet were aching, so he sat down on the cold snow and began to cry. His cousin, never having heard that tears could warm one, thought he must be out of his head, and freezing, so ran for home to get help. Left alone, Fred's cries became louder and louder. Two little girls, some way off in their own yard, heard him, and ran up the hill to his rescue. They suggested that home and fire were better to warm one than tears, and helped the brave boy down the hill.

Mamma is really weary, and tries hard to help him break himself of such a disagreeable habit. Fred is brave about some things, too. He does not cry if he cuts his finger, or is really hurt. He can even bear a good hard kick when playing football, or a burning palm as he catches a flying base-ball; for Fred is not a little boy, but a big boy of nine years old.

What *can* be done with a boy who cries at nothing, and thinks himself brave?

SUMMER MORNING.

## Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

### DICKY AND NELLY; OR LIZZIE'S QUEER PETS.

BY K. HAGAR.

In Mrs. Rogers' old-fashioned kitchen Lizzie was washing dishes, but as I entered the room she turned away from her work to look at the two bundles of white feathers which she had placed on a piece of old carpet on the floor; one bundle could stand on its two feet, the other had its feet tucked away under it so they could not be seen.

The two fan-tailed pigeons, Dicky and Nelly, fluttered out of a high wooden box with one side open, which was on a table, and came down to the two little ones.

"See! I have just washed the little craters. How white and clane they look!"

"Nelly is preening them," observed Mrs. Rogers; "I never saw her do that before."

I noticed that one of the larger birds was smoothing the feathers of the little birds with her bill.

"That 's because I 've washed them," said Lizzie. "They are just three weeks old to-day. You should have seen them when they were first hatched; they had n't any feathers on at all. They were naked with just a little fine hair or down on them, and they did not get their eyes open till they were nine days old. The poor, blind, helpless, naked things!"

"Are you sure about the nine days?" I asked.

"Lizzie does nothing but take care of them," said Mrs. Rogers jokingly.

"Sure, and I have me work to do," answered good-natured Lizzie. "The old ones fed them every few minutes at first when they could n't see, or stand up; look, how proud this one is because he can stand! They never feed them now, unless the little ones cry because they are hungry. Wait, and you 'll see them."

Lizzie had just filled the cup with fresh water and put it on the floor near the piece of carpet. Presently one of them made a peeping sound; and Dicky, after hopping over to a tin cup, — for his walk seemed like a hop to me, — took a long-continued drink like a horse, without raising its head, instead of a short, quick "sup" as other fowls do. Then he went to the little bird that had peeped, and gave it some food from his bill.

Pigeon's milk has been regarded as an April fool joke; but it is a substance secreted for the food of the young fowl by both its parents. Dicky and Nelly sat on the eggs in turn, and after the chicks came out of the shell he fed them oftener than Nelly. If we had killed either of the parent birds, we should have found in their crops pieces of white curd, which — it seems mysterious to us! — are placed there for the nutriment of the young doves. A young pigeon will surely die if deprived of its parents during the first week of its existence. At first it is fed with this substance alone, on the third day with some of the usual food of the doves. It eats any kind of grain, and by the time it is seven, eight, or nine days old, the secretion of this curd ceases; but the parent pigeons continue for some time to feed the little ones from their crops. They were three weeks old when I saw them, and they had not eaten anything except the food the old birds had put into their bills.

Dicky was a very pretty fan-tailed pigeon; he spread out the feathers of his tail like a turkey-cock; his breast was full and he had a short, handsomely formed neck which he carried in a graceful, swan-like curve. His tail, Lizzie said, was broken a little by staying in the house; but she had counted the feathers, and there were twenty-six in it. The four doves were as white as snow.

The old bird, Dicky, made that delightful sound which I always had supposed was an affectionate, even melancholy note; but Lizzie said he was scolding Nelly, that he wanted her to feed the young ones, and that he drove her about. "Sometimes he bates her," she added.

Mrs. Rogers explained: "Lizzie means by beating, that he does really hit her with his bill; but Nelly is a wilful, naughty creature and deserves it all."

"Is she inclined to fight?" I asked.

Lizzie answered: "They fight as much as most people do who live together; they don't mane anything."

"They are dirty things to have about the kitchen," said Mrs. Rogers; "however, it would be bad for them to be shut up in the cage all the time."

"I let them out in the yard every pleasant day," Lizzie informed us; "I never let them out in the kitchen when it is clane. I am going to clane it up soon, and so I lets them out. See the bundle of hay I am warming to put in their nest." She had it on the hearth of the stove. "I have claned it all for them."

"How many eggs did they have?" I asked.

"Sure, and don't ye know that they never lay but two? Their eggs were white like a hen's egg, only small and both ends round. They can't take care of but two chicks."

I was sorry to leave the homely and home-like old kitchen, the queer pets, and the still queerer old Irishwoman, who in the midst of her life of toil and drudgery found so much pleasure with her pets, and the pretty plants in the sunny window, — Lizzie's plants were always full of blossoms, — the big dog Max, the kitten, and last but not least, her four white fan-tailed pigeons.

### THE FOOTBALL.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

Mamma, Will, and Rob came to visit Grandma and their cousin Carl, bringing with them a nice new football. It was late Saturday evening when they arrived, and the boys knew the ball could not be kicked until Monday morning, and were wise enough to leave it in the trunk. But they could not help thinking and talking about it, — and talk they did. Rob showed Carl the exact corner of the trunk where it lay all pressed flat, and also the little key with which he could blow it up large and round. They compared the size of their short legs, and declared that the one with the largest leg could of course kick the hardest and send the ball the highest. They wondered where would be the best place to play, — out in the road or on the croquet-ground, and before the day was through had played a dozen imaginary games and each one come off victor.

Sunday night came at last, and as the three boys said good-night, they asked permission to get up the minute they waked. Aunty granted it, never dreaming how early boys could wake.

As she passed Carl's door on her way to her own room about ten o'clock she saw two dark brown legs sticking out from under the clothes.

"Why did n't that child take off his stockings?" she wondered, and attempted to remove them, but they refused to come. She took him out of bed, unbuttoned his nightdress, and there he was all dressed excepting his pants and jacket. The black eyes opened and he burst into a hearty laugh as she undressed him, saying, "I was going to be dressed first."

In the middle of the night Mamma waked. It was bright moonlight, and there at the side of her bed stood Carl whispering to Rob.

"What are you doing, boys?" asked Mamma. "It is not morning; lie down, Rob, and Carl, you go back to bed at once."

"Aunty said I might get up when I waked," quoted Carl, "and I want Rob."

"I shall not allow Rob to get up so early. You must either go back to bed or downstairs quietly. You will wake Grandma if you talk here," answered Mamma, noticing now that he was half dressed.

Carl went back to his room, finished dressing, and crept downstairs. Rob heard the tall clock in the entry strike three, and tried to sleep, but it was of no use. Visions of Carl's fun downstairs in the moonlight were dancing through his head, and he begged so hard to be allowed to get up, and promised so faithfully to be quiet, that Mamma at last consented.

Downstairs, the two boys lighted a lamp. They were very quiet for a while, and then Carl proposed to get the football and blow it up, and so be all ready when Will waked. They crept softly into the hall where the trunk was standing. Rob opened the lid, and lifting out the tray gave it to Carl to hold, while he made a hunt for the ball. Out came Mamma's dresses, boys' jackets and pants, and Rob was just bringing the ball to view, when Carl in his excitement, dropped the tray. *Bang! Crash!* it went, spilling its contents, and bringing Mamma quickly to the staircase.

"Hush, boys! Rob, you promised to be quiet. You will surely wake Grandma. Go back into the dining-room and let my trunk alone. You cannot have the ball until it is light," whispered Mamma, firmly.

The boys went back, and Mamma settled herself to sleep once more. They sighed as they closed the door, and wondered how long morning would be coming. They looked over some books, read a little, but growing restless as they grew tired, Rob proposed leap-frog. Carl placed his brown hands on his knees, bowed his curly head, and over him went Rob, who landed lightly on his toes. Down went Rob's dark head, and over him flew the shorter legs of Carl. They remembered Grandma at first and jumped very softly; but getting excited as they leaped over and over each other, they forgot all about landing on their toes, and many times came down on all fours, as any frog should. Quickly up again, on they went, round and round the table, faster and faster, laughing heartily and shaking the whole house, so that Grandma waked and thought there was an earthquake. Mamma appeared again, and one of the frogs jumped straight into her arms as she opened the door.

Will waked and crept slyly out of bed.

Downstairs he learned the fun, said he could get the football, which he did, while Rob held the tray and Carl looked on with open mouth. They blew it up large and round, and crept softly out of doors.

The croquet-ground was out of the question at that early hour, as the grass was very wet; so they took the road. Will was to play against Rob and Carl, and the game began in earnest. They kicked high, they kicked low, they kicked the air and one another's shins; back and forth flew the ball, and the boys laughed and shouted

until the whole neighborhood were awake and wondering what Mr. Plympton's grandchildren were doing before five o'clock in the morning.

Poor Grandma, who had been awake since the earthquake at four o'clock, did not, I fear, see much sport in football, and the little boys were really sorry when they learned how early they had waked her. Aunty inquired of Carl, who seemed to be the starter of the campaign, why he woke so early and why he spoke to Rob.

"Why, aunty," he answered, "Rob asked me to wake him if I waked first, and he told me to pinch my cheek hard before I went to sleep and I would be sure to wake at three o'clock. I pinched real hard," he added, with believing eyes, "and you see I only waked a little before three."

If any boy doubts the success of this experiment, let him try it the night before the Fourth of July, and I am sure it will succeed; especially if he has a new football awaiting him, or a bunch of torpedoes and fire-crackers. But let him remember the aged and the sick, and be sure that his fun does not interfere with the comfort of others.

---

## THE TWO DREAMS.

BY ETHEL GERTRUDE HARMER.

"COULD N'T it be nice to be brave as he was, Cecil?" said Marie Wilson, closing a story-book which she had been reading to her brother; "don't you think Harry Howard must have felt big when he saved Ada from drowning? I guess her mamma liked him all his life. I wish he was my cousin, — I would love to be related to so heroic a boy; but those clever people are only in books, they are not real."

"I am sure I could do as much as Harry," said Cecil; "but you always think other people better and braver than I. If I had n't caught your cat when she was falling from the shed, would n't she have been killed? No matter if I did let her fall when she dug her claws in my hands. But I might try all my life, and I could never please you, Marie."

"Oh, Cecil, I know you are brave, nearly as brave as Harry, but I want to be brave too. I was pleased with you when you saved my cat; did n't I buy your dog a new collar?" And poor little Marie sobbed bitterly.

"Don't cry, Marie, I did n't mean to vex you. If you think I am brave it's all right, but you did n't speak as if you did. But mamma's calling, —I guess it 's time for bed."

So the children separated, and that night they both dreamed a dream.

It was very early next morning when Marie awoke.

"What did I run away for? Why did n't I save her? But I must go and tell Cecil my dream;" and quickly dressing she quietly opened her door and went on tiptoe to her brother's room. There was Cecil sitting up in bed, his face beaming with joy.

"You up, Marie? I was just coming to wake you. I had such a grand dream, and I wanted to tell you."

Marie stood still with the door open. "Why, Cecil, I dreamed a dream too; but I dreamed I was a coward. Oh, Cecil, I am so miserable!"

"Come and sit down, and I will tell you mine before I forget it, and then I will listen to yours. But you know, Marie, girls could n't be as brave as boys; they are not as strong and they are so timid."

Meanwhile Marie had shut the door, and was sitting by her brother on his bed. "Now, Cecil, tell me your dream; it must be nice, for you look so happy."

"Oh, I don't know that it 's worth repeating; did n't I tell you I was brave?"

"Oh, Cecil, do! I want to hear so much!"

"Well, I dreamed that instead of Miss Foster coming to give us lessons, we went to a public school. One day it seemed as if a mad dog ran into the school-yard and was chasing a little girl. All the girls and boys, even Harry Howard, ran into the school; but the little girl could not get in, for there was no room. The dog was just going to bite her, when I said, 'I am not afraid, I will defend her;' and was just going down the steps when the boys called for me to come back, or I would be killed too. Harry Howard said, 'Cecil, don't go; *I* would only it would be two lives lost instead of one, for the dog is as mad as can be.' But I said, 'I'm not scared;' and I went right up to the dog, and he was so afraid of me that he left off chasing the little girl, and cowered down at my feet. Then I got a stick and killed him, and so saved the little girl, who seemed to be Ada: you remember the story we read yesterday. She said she liked me better than Harry because I was braver. Then I told her he saved her from drowning, and she ought to like him too; but she said, 'What was it to jump in the water when he knew he could swim?' So she would not speak to any one but me. All the boys called me 'brave Cecil,' and the master told the boys to take me for an example of bravery. Then I woke up. But, Marie, did n't I tell you I was brave? Now I will listen to your dream."

"My dream is not nice, for I was a coward. Oh, Cecil, I hope it won't come true!"

"It may not; but tell me, I want to hear."

"I was going out for a walk with Mary one afternoon, and she wanted to go and see her sister who is sick. So I told her I would sit by a little pond till she came back. She had n't been gone long when it seemed as if a tree grew up, right back of me. I looked up and there was a little girl sitting on one of the top branches. She looked so pretty that I called her, and before I had done speaking she fell right down into the pond. I was so frightened that I jumped up, and then she put out her arms and said, 'Save me, Marie!' But I was so scared that I went and hid behind that big tree. Harry Howard came by and said, 'Coward!' and he jumped into the water and lifted her out. Then she looked at me and said the same; then ran up the tree. After that it seemed as if I was on our own lawn and every one was saying 'coward!' Harry was there and he said, 'I would not be related to such a coward.' Then I awoke."

"Never mind, dear; girls can't do what boys can. Girls have to play with dolls, but boys have to do the heroic deeds."

"Then I wish I were a boy, for I want to be brave. But come and tell Mamma our dreams."

In about a week's time the old proverb, "Dreams go by contraries," proved true. It was a cold day in December. For the last week it had been thawing, and to the children's great delight the previous night it had frozen hard.

"Won't it be lovely coasting, Cecil? I hope Mamma will let us go to those long hills. Stella Thornton went last week, and she said they were lovely; but she nearly ran into that large stone."

"Well, come and ask Mamma before she goes out."

While they are gone let me describe the long hill. About half an hour's walk from the residence of Mrs. Wilson was a lot of uncultivated land commonly known as "the hills." But the "long hill" was in the centre of them all, and when you got to the end of it you went across the high road and down a smaller hill. It was very pleasant to any one who was used to coasting, but to those who were not it was very dangerous; for in the centre of the road was a large stone. If you were not careful to steer clear of it, great mischief might befall the coaster.

Marie and Cecil begged so hard that they got their mother's permission. It seemed to them as if the afternoon would never come; but the time went as it always does, and the children started for their coasting.

"Is n't it lovely, Cecil? Let 's go down together," said Marie, as they reached the top of the long hill.

"Hold on tight, then!" and down they went.

"Let's stay here and watch that little girl. Can't she steer nicely?" said Cecil; and sitting on their sleds they watched the object of their attention ascend and descend several times. Suddenly Marie jumped up with terror in her eyes.

"Cecil, Cecil! look at that cutter. She cannot get across before it comes up!" And letting go of her sled she was about to run down the hill when Cecil cried out,—

"Come back, Marie! come back! You cannot save her; you will be killed yourself."

Marie paid no attention to him, but raced down the hill. It so happened that the little girl had steered into the stone, which although not large enough to prevent a cutter going over it quite stopped a sled, and the space on either side was not large enough to allow a vehicle to pass. The cutter was coming along at full speed, and Marie saw that if she did not get the little girl's sled away from the stone she must be run over. So without a moment's hesitation she pulled the sled out, saying as she did so, "Hold on tight!" Marie saw that she could not get across the road before the cutter should reach them, and so did the other little girl too; so quick as thought she pushed the sled. But, alas! too vigorously, for she lost her footing and fell forward just as the horses came tearing by.

Cecil had stood as in a dream till he saw the cutter pass, and his sister lying motionless on the ground. Then with a cry of horror he rushed down to her. The driver, who had managed to stop the horses the moment after the accident, returned to see if she were badly hurt. Cecil thought she was dead; but when the man tried to lift her into the cutter, a groan of pain showed Cecil that she was still alive.

"Oh, how brave she was! Do you think she is very badly hurt?" said the little girl for whom Marie had risked so much.

"We 'll hope not," said the driver; "but we 'd best get her home as soon as possible." And leaving the little girl whose home lay in another direction, Cecil jumped in beside his sister, and told the man where to drive.

When they reached home, Mrs. Wilson had not returned. Mary, the servant, quickly despatched Cecil for the doctor, who returned with him. After he had examined Marie's foot, he ordered her to be put to bed and kept quiet. He said she had sprained her ankle very badly, but with care she would be all right in five or six weeks.

Cecil greeted his mother, when she came home,

with tears in his eyes, and told her as best he could all that had happened, and finished up with, "I thought I was brave, but Marie is far more so."

Mrs. Wilson kissed him, and went to see our heroine.

Cecil showed his sorrow by staying with his sister every day, to read or to do anything he could to amuse her.

Mrs. Graham (for that was the name of the mother of the little girl whom Marie had saved) called the next day, and ever after Lucy and Marie were great friends.

One day when Marie's foot was nearly well, Cecil, who had been reading to her, looked up from his book and said, "Marie, our dreams should have been reversed. You are the brave one, and I am the coward."

### THE NINETY AND NINE.

A WRITER mentions witnessing a scene on the Aletusch Glacier which brought forcibly to his mind our Lord's parable of the Ninety and Nine.

The following is a description of it: —

"I saw a strange, beautiful sight, — the parable of the Ninety and Nine reacted to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherds over the intricate winding between crevices, and so passing from the pastures on one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred, all told; but on the way one sheep had got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German patois, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately one of the party had a field-glass. With its aid we discovered the lost sheep far up amid a tangle of brushwood on the rocky mountain-side. It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep out in the glacier waste (knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe), and went clambering back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put it on his shoulder, and 'returned rejoicing.'" — *Selected.*

### A GENTLE REPROOF.

A MAN was swearing angrily, at the corner of the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped a moment, looked up to him, and said, "Please, sir, don't call God names, because He is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you."

It was now the man's turn to stop and look; and pretty soon he said, "Thank you, miss. My mother taught me that He is my Father, too. I will not swear again — *never!*" and he walked quickly away with his head down. Too often we stand quietly by when others take God's name in vain. — *Exchange.*

### TO BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar 's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He 's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'T is better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming."
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

— *Selected.*

## Teachers' Department.

Is it asking too much that, in preparing for our work as teachers, we should dwell upon the great themes, as to what is really locked up in the breasts of children? Few are capable of seeing that there is a man or a woman growing out of these children. The last thing we laugh and cry over is the life before us. Alas for us! we are always feeling that the main thing is book erudition. All things about us are either working blessing or curse. What are we to do about it? We should expect the teacher at least to leave a vivid impression that the scholars should be good and not bad, that they should go to heaven and not to the devil, and there is very little doubt but they would want to bestir themselves. The very mischief of what is called commonplace is that it is commonplace, taken for granted and dismissed from the mind. Matthew Arnold says over and over again, "Conduct is three-fourths of life;" that one-fourth is all that is needful for learning facts and principles, and that the other three-fourths ought to be reserved for the powers that are used to embody these principles. To enjoy a poem is a fine thing; but to work it into your life is a grand thing, and ever to be kept in view. — *Rev. Francis Tiffany.*

## Our Question-Box.

[THE Questions and Answers given here are all taken from the writings of Mr. John W. Foster of Portsmouth, N. H., one of the founders of the Unitarian Sunday-School in that city, and for more than quarter of a century its faithful and efficient superintendent. — EDITOR.]

*What is the proper use of manuals in Sunday-school instruction?*

The sight of printed lessons, of vulgar every-day school-books, is repugnant to the feelings of some people who decry the use of such "mechanical tools of instruction." But to hope to do without manuals a teacher must be conscious of more power and of more abundant resources in himself than many can possess; and if the teacher is all that any one can wish to be, he will soon find that without some intermediate link of connection for the pupils' minds between one season of instruction and another, *without some preparatory exercise for the pupils*, they will come to the class with less fitness and willingness to receive instruction. . . . Study and preparation are essential to give the pupil a sense of personal interest in the lesson. We all need to have something to do in it ourselves, to make us care much about any matter that is going on. . . . Elementary lesson-books and cards are designed to fix in the memory a series of truths and sentiments which will perpetually recur in all subsequent stages of progress. These lessons at first should be made in a great degree exercises of memory; but at the same time the teacher should at every session of the class give a brief oral lesson. . . . Manuals for scriptural instruction should be used as the merest hooks to hang the lessons upon. The Bible itself should be considered the class-book, and the question-book a mere help to its study. Let not the teacher feel bound to ask every question set down, and let him try to find other questions more important; but let him ask enough of those in the book to cause the child to feel that his study has not been useless.

*Ought we as teachers to appeal to motives that we feel to be low, in order to arouse the attention of our pupils?*

No. But we should carefully consider the nature of the motives and of the character upon which they are intended to operate, before we decide that the motives or the character should be termed "low." . . . The animal nature of youth must be in some measure tamed, — his mere animal impulses brought under restraint and a degree of intellectual culture be attained before the elements of spiritual culture can be imparted. What me might term "low motives," when addressed to the fully or partially developed spiritual being, would not merit that designation if applied to the animal. And this is true with corresponding qualifications of all degrees and stages of spiritual growth. *As teachers we have to do with every class.* . . . Some teachers (not confining the remark to Sunday-schools) are, by endeavoring to avoid addressing low motives, failing to reach low enough for the mass of their hearers, readers, or pupils. . . . The divine teacher, who "knew what was in man," hesitated not to appeal to the recompense of reward and of punishment, in such figures and such modes of exhibition as could reach the understandings of his hearers at whatsoever stage of mental or spiritual development he found them.

*What is the most easily besetting sin of childhood?*

I regard *thoughtlessness* as the sin which is most common and most dangerous to children. The Sunday-school teacher can do something to help them to overcome this fault. Let it be the theme of conversation Sunday after Sunday; make the conversation cheerful and pleasant. Get your thoughtless boy to promise to watch his own daily conduct, and see if this sin does not lead him into almost all his dangers and evils, and to promise that for the next week he will try to resist the sin every time it tempts him, and that he will report to you how well he succeeds. With skill and patience you can do much to aid your pupils to overcome or amend this besetting sin.


## EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.